

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiours.*

*War.* Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes,  
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.

*War.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,  
And welcome *Somerset*, I hold it cowardise,  
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart  
Hath pawnd an open hand in signe of loue,  
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,  
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
Thy brother being carlesly encampt,  
His soldiours lurking in the towne about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our scouts haue found the aduenture very easie,  
Then cry king *Henry* with resolued mindes,  
And breake we presently into his Tent.

*Cla.* Why then lets on our way in silent sort,  
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

*War.* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand,  
Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.

*All.* A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

*Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?

*War.* *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted  
Last, thou calledst me King.

*War.* I, but the case is altred now.  
When you disgrac'ft me in my Embassage,  
Then I disgrac'ft you from being King,

And

*Yorke and Lancaster*

And now am come to create you Duke of  
Alasse, how should you gouerne any king  
That knowes not how to vse Embassado  
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly.  
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enem

*Edw.* Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her  
*Edward* in minde will beare himselfe a K

*War.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* En  
But *Henry* now shall weare the English  
Go conuay him to our brother Archbish  
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* a  
He come and tell thee what the Lady *Bon*  
And so for a while farwell good Duke of

*Exit for*

*Cla.* What followes now? all hitherto  
But we must dispatch some letters into  
To tell the Queene of our happy fortun  
And bid her come with speed to ioyne

*War.* I that's the first thing that we ha  
And free King *Henry* from imprisonme  
And see him seated in his Regall Thron  
Come lets haste away, and hauing past  
He poste to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* f

*Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir W*

*Glo.* Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William*  
Know that the cause I sent for you is th  
I looke my brother with a slender train  
Should come a hunting in this Forrest  
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him mu  
And lets him vse his pleasure in the ch  
Now I haue priuily sent him word,  
How I am come with you to rescue him  
and see where the huntsman and he do

*Enter Edward and a Hu*

*Hunt.* This way my Lord the Deere